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CHAPTER III.-CONTINUED. mob instantly filled the street before the building and a scene of indescribable tumult and excitement ersued. Policemen came running, ambulances were rung for, rumors flew about that many were crushed in the cellar. In the midst of it all, a clear, calm voice, above the heads of the surging, vociferous crowd, called, "Out of the way, please," and looking up they saw just over them John Burroughs, who had slid down a dangling rope, with one coil of it as a brake on his leg, as trapeze performers descerd in a circus. They made way for him, and he, alighting, pushed through to the superintendent and reported

placidly:
"It is No. 297 D, that is wanted."

IV. When John Burroughs realized that he was, temporarily at least, a poor man, he resolved to learn something practical, by which he could not only support himself with a feeling of independence, but-even rise in the world through his own exerrise in the world through his own exertions. He had a good college education, but that was worth little in the battle of life, except as mental training for learning things of real use. The "learned professions"-refuges for the lazy and incompetent genteel—did not tempt him; he had neither liking nor capital for mercantile speculation. A "trade" presented itself to his mind as the desirable thing, some good sort of honest, skilled labor, productive of something useful to humanity and likely to be in permanent demand. And of all the trades that even the census takers have found out, none suited him so well as iron found out, none suited him so well as iron working, particularly that branch of it now so important in our large cities, the construction of buildings. To this he resolved to devote himself.

Believing in "knowing from the ground by" anything he sower to learn he com-

Belleving in "knowing from the ground up" anything he sought to learn, he commenced his new career as a day laborer in the foundry of the great "Vulcan works," wheeling sand and cleaning castings. At the same time, with an eye to some day becoming an employer, he deemed this an opportune time for acquiring thorough knowledge of the class of tollers among whom he had cast his lot, and to this end went to live in a mechanics' boarding house. Men could not expect much of the comforts of life for \$5 per week, the rate paid there, but would have been justified in disappointment at what was actually afforded in that establishment. Its only abundances were dirt and foul air.

Within a fortnight, his quick observation and alert inteiligence made him a valuable "helper," and in a little time more he had so far mastered the details of iron-founding, as practiced in that foundry, that though still only ranking and paid as a laborer, he was really doing the work of a skilled molder. He had been at this a couple of months, when one day he electrified the foreman by calling his attention to the inferior quality of a new lot of "pigs," the first melting from which had just been made. Clearly and with technical accuracy he stated the defective chemical composition of the Iron, by reason of which castings made from it would fall at least 10 per cent below the minimum of strength they should possess. Not another among the thirty molders of the foundry, all supposably skillful men, had, or could have, made that discovery, the correctness of which was readily proved. When asked how he, a laborer, came to know so much about Iron, he modestly replied that he had "picked up a little about it in college." Within a fortnight, his quick observation

in college."
That incident gave him a new standing. That incident gave him a new standing, for not only the foreman, but his employers—to whom it was duly reported—were grateful and appreciative. Learning that he wished to gain a knowledge of the iron business in all its departments, they encouraged and in a short time aided him, by speeding and in a snort time aided him, by a transfer to the rolling mill, where he speedily learned the making of steel girders, beams, etc. Then an incident, needless to relate, but fortuitous as that which gave him distinction in the foundry, brought out the fact that he was a good methanical draughterms, with a ridered chanical draughtsman, with evidences of taste as a designer, and he was pro-moted to the "drawing" room. Here he moted to the "drawing" room. Here he remained until, in an emergency, he was called upon to essay the duties of assistant foreman in the actual construction of a great steel frame building, and that was the point he had reached when Constance Dessine found him.

All this progress he had achieved in one year, so he had certainly done well.

one year, so he had certainly done well with the industrial half of this problem;



Constance.

sibly he grew to realize that he was surrounded by an atmosphere of distrust, an-tagonism and even malice, the inspiring force of which was a man known as Herr

force of which was a man known as herr Janovics.

If Janovics did any work it was in some nocturnal industry he did not care to avow, but he always had money to pay his board and buy his beer. His days were spent in sleep; his evenings in frenzied denunciation of the "blood-sucking capitalists;" jeremiads over "down-trodden labor," and flery advocacy of "the communistic distribution of wealth." When his fellow boarders went to bed he sauntered out. Several times John Burroughs had amused himself by worsting the fellow in debate, for which, of course, Janovics hated him bitterly, and course. Janovics hated him bitterly, and did all possible to prejudice the minds of the others against him, denouncing him, in his absence, as a "capitalistic spy" and "traitor to the rights of man."

"traitor to the rights of man."
His malignant influence made itself felt.
Again and again heavy weights "accidentally" dropped out of the smoky darkness of the foundry roof came near to crushing Jack's skull; once a hoisting winch, under an enormous strain, was turned loose by an enormous strain, was turned loose by the treacherous release of a pawl, and only by a half-inch missed breaking his back; and, finally, two of the sturdiest ruffians in the gang of his enemies picked a quarrel with him, intending to give him a merciless beating, which resulted in their being taken to a hospital for repairs. But none of these things swerved John Burroughs from his course, or even gave him a thought of fear.

dent, was startled by hearing, in a cheery and familiar voice, the hail, "Helloa! Jack!"

everything."
Hoss took the address of the lodgings to which is 't had recently moved, his old quarters in finally become unbearable, and the two friends parted.

were about to die they confessed having themselves caused the explosion, in the hope of killing the foreman. They had, when his back was turned, poured a pall of water in the mold, before it was closed.

and pleasant. Ross, notwithstanding a rooted antipathy to exertion, was quite honest in his expression of hearty admiration for Jack's pluck, energy and endurance. And he noted with satisfaction that

ance. And he noted with satisfaction that a year of articous teil had left few marks on his friend. Jack looked more powerful than formerly—and he never was a weak-ling—his face had grown graver and more earnest taan it used to be, which made him seem a little older than he was, but in the main, when out of his working clothes he "looked the same old Jack."

"But" remonstrated Ross when he had "But," remonstrated Ross, when he had heard Jack's story, "even if you persist in sticking to the life, I should think vou'd want to get away from a gang of Yahoos who put up jobs to maim and kill you. Why don't you get work some other place?" remonstrated Ross, when he had

"Nothing would induce me to change. It is part of my education. The men are not all bad. Only a few of them, in fact, have been infected by that mad dog Jano-"Couldn't you have him arrested?"
"No. He is shrewd enough to have others do the mischief he plans. It is easy to suspect, but hard to convict rascals of his kind."

"They'll get you yet."
"I think not. Our work on this big building is nearly done. When it is finished and



some other department, and perhaps see no more of them than I do now. But I shall be on my guard, anyway, and that's

shall be on my guard, anyway, and that's all that is necessary."

Jack's anticipation of speedy return to the works was realized more quickly than he had expected, for the very next day he was summoned to assume the position, temporarily at least, of foreman of the foundry. The old foreman, who first recognized Jack's ability, had been dead six months, and his successor was his former ognized Jack's ability, had been dead six months, and his successor was his former assistant, a rough, ignorant fellow, who drank, had no authority among the men and neglected his duties. It was his fault that the irregular beam "207 D" was not at the building when wanted, and that unother was erroneously marked for it. That filled the measure of his offenses. He was discharged and Burroughs ordered to take

filled the measure of his offenses. He was discharged, and Burroughs ordered to take his place.

The moiders rebelled. It exasperated them to think that one they remembered as a casting cleaner when they were already molders should in a little over a year have risen above them. His superior ability, which they could not but recognize, only embittered them. Then, too, some of them liked the former foreman, with whom they used to get drunk, and thought it loyalty to him to antagonize his successor. Herr Janovics learned of the promotion, and did his best to fan the flames of discontent.

"So," he said, tauntingly, "the sand wheeler is your master now and can order

"So," he said, tauntingly, "the sand wheeler is your master now and can order you around. Do you know why? Because of his cunning, sneaking, under-handed ways of serving the bosses." The men knew that was a lie, but preferred it to the truth, because it flattered their self-estem. "I told you when he was here," Janovics went on, "that he was the spy and tool of the bosses. Now, who will say I was not right; that I did not smell him out? Take warning! They plan some new invasion of your rights! new chains for their trampled slaves! And he, their hireling, is ready to do their dirty work. Will you endure it? Will you be his obedient dogs? Or will you be, his judges?"

"Only a few of the men are oan, and who have the courage to toil honestly for a livelihood are inherently capable of noble deeds, and only do base ones through lack of moral and social development."

"The chaps who tried to blow you up must have lacked a good deal," commented Ross.

"Yes; but they were only tools. The west scoundrel in that bad affair was one who did no honest work, Janovics, and by the time he comes out of state prison working men."

I told you when he was here," Janovics were to blow you up of moral and social development."

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The

"Till break his jaw jomorry, be the mortial gob, I will," grawied a molder named Kennedy, a big, enormously powerful fellow who had quite a reputation as a fighter, was indeed known as "The Foundry Terror."

"Kennedy can; if any man can, he can," piped One-eyed Finn, a little old man who was barely on the outskirts of Janovics' following, "but if he tries it at the shop it'll have to be a fair fight. For their own credit the byes'll stand nothin' eise there."

"That's all I want," vaunted Kennedy, "and if I ain't man enough to do him, I'll never take another drink."

"Lord! That's a bowld sayin," exclaimed One-eyed Finn.

One-yed Finn.

The fight was forced on Jack the next morning, and he was nothing loath to accept the issue. It was fair. Although the men were, one and all, hopeful that the cept the issue. It was fair. Although the men were, one and all, hopeful that the foreman would be whipped, they were determined that the best man should win in a shop fight, so they formed a ring and allowed no interference. Kennedy was ferocous, brawnier than Jack and had a longer reach, with some "science," but was no match for the cool, skillful boxer who had been the best amateur middle weight in the Manhattan Athletic Club. "The Foundry Terror" was badly whipped and did not succeed in even inflicting a bruise upon the man he had sworn to "do."

A "strike" was threatened, but Jack was as ready for that as for the fight. "Strike if you like," he told the men, "I do not believe the Molders' Union will sustain you, but if it should I will fill your places with picked green men, who, under my direction, will learn to do in two weeks all required on such straight jobs as the shop is fuil of now. And not a man

weeks all required on such straight jobs as the shop is full of now. And not a man who goes now will ever return while I am here."

There was no "strike," no more open revolt, but the men continued sullen, and, at Janovics' instigation, a devilish project took shape secretly among his reckless and naturally criminal tools. Preparations were making for the casting of an enorwere making for the casting of an enor mous bed-plate, with very heavy reinforcements and deep lug-like projections from its nether surface, a mass that would weigh several tons. Both halves of its huge mold were made and baked with extreme care and Jack neglected no preparation necessary to success. While the upper tion necessary to success. While the upper half was being slowly and cautiously love half was being slowly and cautiously lowered into place, he went, for a moment,
to the stack, to ascertain if the metal was
ready to run. When he returned the men
were clamping the frames of the mold.
This, and the last stoppings, channelings
and ventings were all speedily done, and
the foreman shouted to the furnace-tender,
"Let it come:" Engrossed as he was with
the work he did not notice that the four
men who stood near him, by the mold, men who stood rear him, by the mold, when he gave that order, suddenly disap-

things swerved John Burroughs from his course, or even gave him a thought of fear.

V.

Assistant Foreman Burroughs, while busy with his work on an upper floor of the great steel cage, the second day after the accident, was startled by hearing, in a cheery and familiar voice, the hail, "Helloa! Jack!" when he gave that order, suddenly disappeared, leaving him alone.

A rivulet of white molten metal spurted out from the furnace and coursed swiftly, along its channel toward him. Gold and crimmon sparks flew from it and when it plunged into the mold, gas flames, green and blue, darted from the vents. The inflow continued several seconds, in a stillness that made the low hiss and crackle and to see, mounting from the end of a ladder, his former chum, Ross Thorpe. "How in the world did you ever come to find me here?" he exclaimed.

Ross had but little breath left, after his unwonted excrtions, but found enough to gasp the reply: "Constance saw you, and told Amy, who told me. Ouf! What a climb! Could I see the moon by looking down over the edge, at this time of day?" "Constance! Who is Constance?"

"Ah! I forgot. You den't know her. But she saw you that day, on the grand stand, and has remembered you ever since. Queer, isn't it, that a ghi should recoilect a fellow like that? But never mind about her now. Give ine an account of yourself. Where have you been? and what have you done? and why did you do it?"

"I can't tell you now, Ross; for my time is not my own until 6 o'clock. But come to my room this evening and I'll tell you everything." and to see, mounting from the end of a a terrific explosion and the air was full

The other two men working with them were accomplices, and Herr Janovics had been the instigator of the diabolical deed.

Rcss Thorpe mentioned to his sister, one day, that Jack would pay him a visit the next morning, by appointment, but perhaps that had nothing to do with the fact that when Mr. Burroughs was formally announced, at the expected time, Miss Constance Dessine happened to be in the parlor, calling upon her friend Amy, and of course received a formal introduction to him.

"So," thought Jack, regarding her with interest, "that's the girl who remembered me a year, merely from one casual glance. What a memory for faces she must have!" In his innocent freedom from personal vanity, the idea did not occur to him that her recollection in his case was perhaps exceptional and due to some special attraction other faces might not have possessed for her. That he would always remembers her, he did not occur to the text. Ross Thorpe mentioned to his sister, one

traction other faces might not have pos-sessed for her. That he would always re-member her, he did not doubt, but that was a very different matter. Her face was not one to be forgotten. And yet, he could not have turned away and described it, to save his neck. His perception of its de-tails was very vague. Her great dark eyes seemed to fascinate his sight, whenever he looked at her, and all else of her feat-ures were merged in a general impression of perfect loveliness. She sang, and he was enthralled by her voice; she spoke, and seemed to him a paragon of wit and sense; she walked, and he thrilled with admira-tion of her grace and the beauty of her she walked, and he thrilled with admiration of her grace and the beauty of her figure; she sat still and silent, yet even in her repose he found new charms. If ever a young man unconsciously plunged headlong in love, John Burroughs did.

Constance had been playing on the piano and he stood beside her, having been occupied in the ecstatic duty of turning her music, when he said, in a low voice: "Ross tells me you recognized me, after a year."

tells me you recognized me, after a year."
His alluding to that mnemonic feat would telis me you recognized me, after a year."
His alluding to that mnemonic feat would have been sufficient evidence to any one who knew him of the wholly impersonal way he was considering it, but Constance did not yet know him well enough to understand that, and blushed violently at being so directly charged with holding a young man in remembrance, and by the young man himself, nevertheless, it was true, and she simply answered, "Yes."
"It is surprising! I'm sure I should have remembered you, if I had seen you, but that would have been because it was you. And I fancy it is well I did not."
"Why so?" she asked, in surprise.
"If I had, I think it would have been harder for me to adhere to the plans I had made. I would have been wanting to see you again instead of sticking to my work."
That was gratifying, but as far as she could permit him to go in a first interview, and it was questionable if he could have realized how far it seemed to her expectant serses. She arose, smilling and saying lightly, "Your friends would not allow any-body to forget you; they were so constantly speculating upon what had become of you."

begin, "Your friends would not allow any-body to forget you; they were so constantly speculating upon what had become of you." But, as they walked slowly toward where Amy and Ross were sitting, at the other end of the room, she stopped and said earnestly: "I want to apologize for listen-ing to what you said that day. It was rude of me to do so but you were so close and of me to do so, but you were so close and spoke so clearly that I could not help hear-

spoke so clearly that I could not help hearing you."

"You have nothing to apologize for. I am glad you heard me, if it helped you to remember me."

"I think it did," she replied laughingly.
"And did you never mass that money?"
"Not once. I went to work the next day and have, ever since, earned all I required. It is surprising how little a man really needs."

"Have you heard anything lately about the suit?" asked Ross, as they

Pim.
"Yes," answered Jack. "Court of appeals

"Yes," answered Jack. "Court of appears next term, my lawyer says."
"Do you feel anxious?"
"No. Why should I? Even if they take the estate, they cannot take me."
"And if you win, what will you do? Bloom out as a leader of society?"
"No. Master of an iron works."
"What! Even if you don't need to make money any more?" oney any more?"
"A man needs useful occupation more

"I'm sorry to hear you say so. You evidently forget the pious maxim that 'Satan finds some mischief still for busy hands to

"I should think," remarked Constance, "you would wish to get away from a class of men capable of assassinating those they do not happen to like." do not happen to like."
"Only a few of the men are bad, and they are so only through ignorance. Men who have the courage to toll honestly for a livelihood are inherently capable of noble deeds, and only do base ones through lack of moral and social development."
"The chaps who tried to blow you up must have lacked a good deal," commented trees.

when Jack, on reaching home, set his little alarm clock to arouse him at daybreak he said to himself deliberately: "When I am an iron master, I shall make that girl Mrs. Eurraughe."

VII. Summer's heats had come, yet Constance would not make up her mind where she would go, out of town.

"I don't care a last year's bird's nest," said Aunt Keturah, "where we go, so long as it isn't everywhere and we get off before snow storms make traveling bad. Amy Thorpe declared, "I just won't go



"Pack up and let us be off."

anywhere without you this summer. Constance, and if I die from staying in town, you will be responsible, morally at least. So pack up and let us be off to Bar Harbor at

"Where do you suppose Mr. Burroughs intends to spend his vacation?" replied Constance inconsequently. "Don't you think Ross could find out?" Ross tried, and his report was far from encouraging. "Jack says he is not going anywhere; that labor is allowed only one

anywhere; that labor is allowed only one vacation, the long one that comes after everything clse."

"Heavens!" exclaimed Amy; "what a pessimistic mood he must be in. That is the effect of the weather already."

"Yes," assented Ross, looking very seriously at Constance, "scientists recognize that continuous exposure to a temperature from eighty to ninety degrees provokes melancholy end from ninety-five up, especially with humidity, incites to murder. John ought to be carefully watched this summer."

sumirer."
The girls looked alarmed-particularly Constance, though she said least.
"I know," continued Ross, "of a watering "I know," continued Ross, "of a watering place neither of you is acquainted with; the biggest, and jolliest, and best in the land; where the amusements are most diversified, the luxuries unbounded, the inconveniences fewest, the extortions least, and within easy reach of Jack—"
"Where is it? Where is it?" they cried, interruing him

"Where is it? Where is it?" they cried, interrupting him.
"Right here. New York," he affirmed, with an air of confidence.

And when he gave them a vague outline of what they had, all their lives, turned their backs upon and missed, they said, "This summer we will take it all in—and Jack shall be our excuse."

Jack was shy at first. He was sensitive about being seen, recognized and claimed about heing seen, recognized and claimed.

Jack was sny at hirst. He was sensitive about being seen, recognized and claimed by old-time acquaintances before he had conquered the position at which he aimed, and he had got quite out of the way of holiday making. But when Ross assured him that none of their old set were in town and hinted that Constance expected his company—had even perhaps remained to and hinted that Constance expected his company—had even, perhaps, remained in the city on his account—he resisted no longer. And soon it became a regular habit for him, when work stopped at noon, on Saturdays, to change his clothes at the foundry and go directly to keep an appointment with Ross and the girls. Merry times they had at Manhattan Beach, Long Beach, Coney Island, Rockaway, Glen Island, Rockaway, Rockaway, Glen Island, Rockaway, Glen Island, Rockaway, Rockaway, Rockaway, Rockaway, Rockaway, Rockaway, Rockaway, Rockaway, Rockaway, Rock the Beach, Coney Island, Rockaway, Glen Island, or some other popular resort. The pall seed. of novelty for Constance and Amy, and

were sufficiently varied to retain their in-terest. Even South Beach, Fort Lee and Bowery Bay were visited, once each, but Amy declared that was as near "slumming" as she cared to go, and as much of it as she could stand, so thereafter Rcss—whose experiences were thorough—knew "just where to draw the line." 'Altogether they passed a very jolly summer, and, for two at least of the quartet, it was also a very happy

In October the court of appeals re In October the court of appeals reversed the decision of the lower court in the case involving the Burroughs estate, blighting utterly the hopes of the rascally conspirators and making Jack a rich man again. On the same day that this intelligence reached him, he made a formal proposition to the proprietors of the Vulcan works to buy a large interest in their business, which they took under advisement. Not until that matter was decided would Jack say anything to his friends about his changed fortune, or essay what he had determined should be the next number on his program.

number on his program.

Even after its steel frame has been erected a long time is required for the finishing of one of the monster modern office buildings. The skeleton must be clothed with stone, its interior divided by fire and sound appear to the skeleton must be compared to the skeleton must be clothed with stone, its interior divided by fire and sound the skeleton must be allowed to the skeleton. proof floors and partitions, its hallways wainscoted with costly polished marble wantsetted with costly poinsned matthes, and a world of intricate appliances for lighting, heating, ventilating, etc., put in place. It was deemed a marvel of expedition when the great building Jack worked on in the spring had been brought to completion by November. Its proprietors, justly proud of their handsome edifice, resolved to signalize the event, and at the same time make a most effective announcement of their readiness to accommodate tenants, by giving such a "house-warming" as had never been seen in ..ew York. Their invitations were sent out broadcast, to "society" people, bankers, merchants, speculators, investors, everybody, in fact, sufficiently prominent to be thought of, and it a kindly spirit of old-fashioned fraternity—unfortunately much rarer now than it in a kindly spirit of cld-fashioned fratering—unfortunately much rarer now than it used to be—to all the men who had been conspicuously engaged, even in subordinate capacities, in the actual erection and completion of the building. Democratic as this comprehensive in-gathering was, it produced one of the most brilliant and notable events of the season. events of the season.

For that night the big building dedicated

to the stern practicabilities of business ife was transformed to a fairy-land pal-ace. Rooms, halls and stairways were tastefully decorated with flowers, ever-



Search Light on the Lovers.

greens and bunting; electric lights flooded the scene with an illumination more in-tense than sunshine and the air was tropical with warmth and perfume. A full mil itary band on the first floor, and a "reed and string" orchestra on the seventh, supplied music for what was either one enormous nineteen-story ball, or some forty distinct balls in the many suites of large apartments, according as one chose to regard it.

and in a very happy mood, for that after-roon the papers had been signed making him one of the proprietors of the great Vulhim one of the proprietors of the great Vul-can works, and the time had come for the realization of another cherished purpose. He found Constance, with the Thorpes, and, being full of his intent, almost immediately proposed that she should accompany him to the dome, for a view of the city by night from that grand elevation. The girls ex-changed glances, for both instinctively divined his real purpose, betrayed to their keen perceptions by his impetuosity and a little nervousness, of which he himself was rot aware. Certainly, Constance would ac-company him, and she asked Amy to go along, which that astute young woman de-clined, saying she preferred to dance, and when Ross manifested an inopportune de sire to have a look from the dome with sire to have a look from the dome with them she gave his arm such a meaning pinch that he quickly changed his mind. From the twentieth story, where a grand banquet was being set out, Constance and Jack ascended three flights of stairs, to the upper floor of the dome. There they step-ped out upon the narrow balcony, which, marked by a breast-high facing of ornamental ironwork, ran around the structure. The snow-clad city, sparkling with its myriad lights and overhung by a radiant golden canopy, was indeed a fair sight to see, and they stood for a few moments as if spellbound by its beauty. But John Burroughs had not come up there to admire scenery.

scelery.
"Constance," he said, "I have brought "Constance," he said, "I have brought you up here nominally to see, but really to hear. For some time—in fact, ever since I have known you—I have felt that the happiness of my life depended upon my making you my wife. Of course, I said nothing to you of my love so long as my position was indeterminate and my future doubtful. Those conditions exist no longer. The foundry foreman has become an iron master. And now I am able to say to you, Constance, I love you, with my whole heart and soul, and want you to be my wife. Will you?"

"Yes; very willingly," she replied, meeting his ardent gaze with a look eloquent of affection.

affection.

He drew her to him, in a fond embrace,

and kissed her.

At that instant from the dome of a dis At that instant from the dome of a distant newspaper building the vast white beam of an electric search light was flashed full upon the lovers. The pretty tableau they presented lasted but a second, for Constance with a scream and Jack with an ejaculation that was not a blessing vanished into the dome. shed into the dome.

The end.

Stories and Their Name.

From the New York Herald. The origin of the name "stogle," or 'toby." as it is called in western Penn sylvania, has been a matter of considerable dispute. The most probable derivation is that given by a Wheeling manufacturer, who has been engaged in stogic making for

who has been engaged in stogie making for sixty years. He says:

"The names 'stogie' and 'toby' are both abbreviations. About eighty years ago, before the days of railroads and after the completion of the National Pike, connecting the cities of Washington and St. Louis, there was used for conveying goods a vehicle called a conestoga wagon, or simply conestoga. The drivers of these were called conestoga drivers. In those days the pipe was used by those washe to afford cigars. Some inventive genius—I have forgotten his name—conceived the idea of making a cheap smoke for the driver. He got some tobacco and rolled or twisted it in a crude way so that smoke would go through it, way so that smoke would go through it, and sold to these drivers, whence they came to be called 'conestogas.' The tobacco used was of good Kentucky stock, which was, in those days, very cheap. Besides, there was at that time no internal revenue tax on them. When I began business in 1840 there was one other man energy in 1840 there was one other was one ot

revenue tax on them. When I began business in 1840 there was one other man engaged in it, and both factories employed from four to seven men."

The character of the stogie has changed but little in the seventy-five years of its manufacture. The stogie of the early days was about four and one-half inches long and made by hand of long filler Kentucky there are the stogie of today is stranged. tobacco. The stogie of today is six and one-half inches long, but the materials and process of manufacture remain the same.

From the Detroit Tribune. "Will you be my wife?"

She was very beautiful. Some estimated her beauty as high as \$10,000,000. "No!" she answered. "I came abroad merely to shop, and with no idea of mak-ing any purchases. Not today, thank you." The titled aristocrat ground his teeth in

rage. He had ground his teeth in nothing els since the previous day at lur The best made, Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.

A CHAT WITH MILES

Some Views of the Commander of the Army.

A CAREER THAT READS LIKE A NOVEL

Military Importance of the Bicycle and Horseless Vehicle.

BULLET-PROOF ARMOR

(Copyrighted, 1895, by Frank G. Carpenter.) ENERAL NELSON

A. Miles is writing
his memoirs. I visited him last week at Governor's Island, and found him surrounded by manuscript and documents. Photographs of famous Indian chiefs, of Alaska and of the unknown west were scattered over

his library table, and

the general was sitting with a number of typewritten chapters before him, giving them the last revision before going to the printers. He has been working at it for months early and late, and he has it now almost completed. The plain facts of Gen. Miles' career read like novel. His whole life has been a sensational romance, many sentences of which throb with danger. Where will you find a life like it? The greatest generals of the past have risen to prominence through special training. Napoleon was intended and educated for a soldier; Caesar, brought up in the family of his uncle Marius, the greatest general of his time, was suckled on military milk. Grant had received his West Point education, and until he was thirty-nine had risen no higher than to a captaincy, and Sherman, that other great West Pointer, at this age was hardly known to fame. These men other great West Pointer, at this age was hardly known to fame. These men were pushed, as it were, into the army. Gen. Miles had to force his way there. He began his life as a farmer's boy. His West Point was a crockery store in Boston. One of his rich uncles offered to make him financially independent if he would give up his ambition to be a soldier and it was his ambition to be a soldier and it was inancially independent if he would give up his ambition to be a soldier, and it was only by taking all the money he had saved and all he could borrow that he was able, at the age of twenty-one, to raise the company which enabled him to go to the army as a first lieutenant. This was at the beginning of the civil war, and from that as a starting point in the short space of four years his wonderful military gangle classed. ears his wonderful military genius elevated nim with lightning rapidity from one posi-tion to another until, at twenty-five, he had become a major general, and had risen to the highest lineal rank in the army.

A Boy General. Think what the ordinary boy is between twenty-one and twenty-five, and you get some idea of the remarkable career of this ex-crockery clerk. What a story he can tell of the Army of the Potomac! He was in every one of its battles except that of Gettysburg, where he could not be on ac-count of the desperate wounds which he had received at Chancellorsville, and which had rece ved at Chancellorsville, and which the surgeons had said would cost him his iffe. He was always in the thickest of the fight, and all of the generals from Grant to Burnside recommended him many times for promotion. He was wounded again and again, and he ceased his fighting only when his hurts were so great that he was unable to keep his place upon his horse. At one time when shot through the neck he put his hand over the wound and was anxious to again lead his troops into battle. Still, he never wantonly risked the lives of his men, and his coolness in scenes where other men lose their heads, and his ability to take advantage of every change in position on the part of the enemy, n ade the other officers consider this boy general a valuable ally.

His Indian Stories.

His Indian Stories. And then think of the Indian stories he can tell! When the war was over, Gen. Miles remained in the service, and continued to seek duty in the midst of the fray Some of his Indian campaigns have been filled with adventures which would make books in themselves. They have been in all extremes of climate. His first and last were in lands so hot that his men, crazed with thirst, opened the veins of their arms in order that trey might moisten their lips with their own blood. Others were amid the arctic snowstorms of a northern winter, where the men were so clad in furs that they could not be told one from another. He he told one from another. put down the gigantic Messiah conspirace which promised to involve all the India



than any we have yet had. Then, leaving than any we have yet had. Then, icaving this border warfare, he came to Chicago during the Debs strike, and with the iron hand of military rule he grasped that bedy of rioters and told them that the laws of the United States must be obeyed.

Gen. Miles is perhaps the best authority on the Indian question now living, yet he on the Indian question now living, yet he is so simple in his make-up that he does not seem to realize that his life has been more seem to realize that his life has been more than commonplace, and in his private talks about the things of which he has been so great a part he puts himself in the background. My talk with him was more of a social chat than a fixed interview, but it contained so much of interest that I will give some parts of it just as they occurred. they occurred.

How Miles Became a Soldier.

"General, where did you first get your desire for a militay life?" I asked. "I don't know that," replied General Miles. "I wanted to be a soldier from my boyhood. I can remember the desire as far back as ten years of age, and at sev enteen, when I was clerking in Boston, I joined a military school and drilled there for several years. This was just preceding the war. The Kansas-Nebraska struggle was on, and the air was filled with the rumors and threats of the coming fight. I remember I used to go to the library and read the southern papers, and I could see I thought, that war was sure to come. I remained in this military school, and when it did come I was to a certain extent ready

"How did you happen to get into the army? You organized a company, did you not?"

not?"
"Yes," was the reply. "I raised a company. I took all the money I had saved and borrowed more for the purpose of cranizing and recruiting it. After it was complete I was chosen captain. I had recomplete I was chosen captain. I had received my commission, and was about ready to go to the field, when Gov. Andrews wrote me, asking me to return the commission, as he did not think so young a man as myself ought to be in command of a company. I was at this time twenty-one. I sent my commission back, and he sent me that of a first lieutenant instead." "That must have seemed very hard,"

said I.

"Yes," was the reply, "but I had to accept it. I could not fight the governor of Massachusetts. I wanted to go to the army, and I obeyed. It was not long, however, before Col. Barlow of the sixtyhowever, before Col. Barlow of the sixtyfirst New York volunteers asked me if I
did not want to join his regiment, and
through the governor of New York he
the air, and we could really make it very

made me his lieutenant colonel. Then he was promoted, and I became colonel of that New York regiment. It is rather curious that, though I went into the army from Massachusetts, nearly all of my work during the civil war was with New York soldiers rather than with those of my own state. Later on I was in command of a division made of New York, Pennsylvania and Ohio regiments, and at near the close of the war I had command of the second army corps, in which there were thirty-two New York regiments. At this time I was twenty-five. I was a major general, and was wearing the same uniform that I wear today. I have, in fact, the same yellow sash and the same sword."

"You were at the battle of Appomattox,

Grant?"

"No, I did rot," replied Gen. Miles. "I was at the front, in command of my troops, and though Gen. Lee's preliminary correspondence in regard to the surrender passed through my lines, I did not see the actual surrender. Gen. Lee came up to our lines, expecting to meet Gen. Grant there." Grant and Lincoln.

"You must have seen much of Grant at this time, general. How did he impress

"Yes, I saw him every day. I was struck most by his intense earnestness. He seemed to have only one thought, and that was to succeed. He fought every battle as though that was to be his last one. He did not appear to be troubled at all as to the future. He wanted to succeed at the time, and he was ready to risk everything for success."

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"How about President Lincoln?"

"He came frequently to the army, especially after a defeat. He had a fatherly influence on the soldiers. They all admired him and loved him."

him and loved him."

The conversation here turned to the general's experience at Fortress Monroe, where Gen. Miles had command at the time that Jefferson Davis was confined, and then came back to the battles of the war. Gen. Miles had just finished answering some questions as to the terrible fight at Chancellorsville, where he was severely wounded, when I asked:

"General, I wonder how a soldier feels when he comes under the fire of battle for

"General, I wonder how a soldier feels when he comes under the fire of battle for the first time. You were only twenty-one at the time of your first fight. Do you remember how you felt when the bullets began to whistle around you? Were you not offeral at.

afraid?"

"No, I can't say that I was afraid," replied Gen. Miles. "I think soldiers always feel exhilarated when they are about to go into battle. The struggle calls forth all that is in them. Every faculty is exerted to its full, every nerve is stretched to its tulmost. I know of no greater pleasure nor more inspiring moment for the soldier than when he first faces his enemy and makes the charge which is to win or lose a battle. The excitement of victory is also great, and on the other hand, there is nothing so depressing as the knowledge that you are losing ground and may be defeated." How It Feels to Be Shot.

"You have been wounded several times. general. How does it feel to be shot?" "That depends upon where the ball strikes you," replied Gen. Miles. "If it passes through the fleshy part of the body without hitting the bone, it is a half mile away before you realize that you are shot. I' it meets with resistance, however, you get the full force of the bullet, and it strikes you like a sledge han.mer. I was once shot in the neck. The ball cut along the side of my throat, under my ear, and passed on. At Chancellorsville, a ball struck my waist-belt plate, and then deflecting, went off into my body. The blow paralyzed me. I could not move for weeks from my waist downward, and every one thought I would die. I was taken home to Massachusetts, and after a few days I surprised the doctor by moving my right foot. They took this for a sign that the ball was in the opposite side of my body, and probed for it, laying the bone of my hip bare. They found the bone broken, and took cut nine pleces, leaving one, which they failed to find. They found the bullet several inches further down than these pieces of broken bone. At another time I was wounded in the shoulder by the half of a bullet. I was holding my sword up to my shoulder when the bullet struck the without hitting the bone, it is a half mile was wounded in the shoulder by the half of a bullet. I was holding my sword up to my shoulder when the bullet struck the edge of the blade and was cut in two, one-half of the bullet flying on and the other going into my shoulder. At another time I was wounded in the foot, the ball striking a Mexican spur that I was wearing, and going off into my foot. By the way, I think I have the spur." Here the general opened a drawer in his desk and pulled out a big Mexican spur which was broken on one side. The break was caused by the bullet striking the spur.

Gen. Miles and Politics. It is not generally known that Gen. Miles had a good chance to enter political life at the time the war closed. The truth is that he was offered the nomination for Congress by one of the Massachusetts districts. Had he accepted, his abilities are such that he would probably have taken h

he accepted, his abilities are such that he would probably have taken high rank as a statesman. Thinking of this, I asked:

"General, have you ever regretted staying in the army? Don't you think you might have had a pleasanter life had you given up your military career at the close of the war?"

"No," replied Gen. Miles, "I have not. I like the army, and my life, though it has had some hardships, has not been an unpleasant one. I have had many advantages. I have had a chance to see the great west grow from a wilderness to an empire, and have been permitted to vork in its development. When I went west to take my place as colonel of one of 'he regiments of the regular army, from the Canadian boundary to the Rio Grande and from Topeka to the Rockies was little more than an Indian camping ground. This strip is about 400 miles wide and 1,300 miles long. It is as big as all the Atlantic states with Kentucky and Ohio. It is bigger than New England, with New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana and Illinois added to it. It is a country equal, in short, to that of the best part of the United States. I have seen the ludians upon it subdued and best part of the United States. I have seen this vast territory opened to settlement. I have seen the Indians upon it subdued and changed from fightling braves to good citizens. They have taken up lands, and they are now adopting our ways. Upon their old camping grounds have grown up big cities, and I have seen a population of faillions construct an empire in the wilds where they have hunted. It is, I think, a great thing to have witnessed all this, and I deem myself fortunate in having done so."

Bieveles for the Army. At one time during the conversation the subject of military improvements came up, and I asked Gen. Miles where he thought would be the next great advance in army

matters.

He replied: "It will probably be in the line of transportation of men and equipment. The bicycle and the horseless vehicle w'll have much to do in the wars of the future Put an army on bicycles and their opponents would be at their mercy if they were not similarly equipped. The bicycle troops could feed off of the supplies of their enemy's country. They could move so rapidly that the others could not catch them. They could choose their own positions and fly from one point to another at a few hours' notice. They could forestall supplies and have every position of advantage, both in attacking and retreating. Take the horseless carriage. The French have shown that some of such vehicles will go at the rate of sixteen miles an hour and at the same time carry four persons. They had a competitive race for such vehicles from Paris to Bordeaux and return, a distance of 750 miles, and the average speed was sixteen miles per hour. The different motive powers used were steam, electricity, naphtha and petroleum. Petroleum came out ahead, and the would be at their mercy if they were no leum. Petroleum came out ahead, and th leum. Petroleum came out ahead, and the amount used was very small, a single gallon carrying a small carriage over a hundred miles of travel. There is no doubt but that such vehicles can be utilized in place of horses. I am glad of it. The horse has been the slave of mankind for thousands of years, and it is time that he should have a rest."

Bullet-Proof Armor. "What do you think, general, of the poss bilities of getting an armor which will be bullet proof? You know this is being ex-

perimented upon in Europe." "I doubt it," was the reply. "Any such armor, to be really effective, must be too

heavy for use."
"How about dynamite, general? May the day not come when a few men with a bushel of dynamite and a balloon will blot

bushel of dynamite and a balloon will blot out a city or an army?"

"It may come," replied General Miles, "and it would be effective if one nation could have a monopoly of such inventions and such explosives, but such things cannot be. If one nation has them, others will have them, and battles will go on all the same. It may be that the wars of the future will be fought to some extent above ground. We may have battles in the air, and the efficiency of modern guns is already such that in such battles balloons would be

low sash and the same sword."
"You were at the battle of Appomattox, general. Did you see Lee's surrender to Grant?"

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soon apparent in the languor, headacnes and ma-lessness that ensue.

If rapid and shundant means are employed to re-pair the exhausted parts the nerves regain their elasticity. But if an unnatural privation of sleep is carried beyond the stretching power of the brain the whole nervous system becomes undone, and prostration results.

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sibilities or tedicus work, anxious, overworked mothers and wives, shop girls who are forced to stand on their feet all day long, have little diffi-



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Here is a letter from Mr. Max Burghelm, the

well-known president and manager of the Cincin-nati Freie Presse Company. Mr. Burgheim writes: "The following statement may be of interest I "The following statement may be of interest I have been suffering from sleeplessness, insomnia, for many years, and al'beigh I have tried almost everything to get cured, consulting the best physicians, and even going several times to Europe, everything was in vain.

"I did not have a night's rest for almost six years—that is to say. I could not sleep for two hours in succession in a single night; you can easily imagine what the effect on me had been.

"After speeding a feature in twing for relief. I

easily imagine what the effect on me had been.

"After specding a fertune in trying for relief, I had given up almost all hope, and when I first read about Paine's celery compound I did not have much faith in anything. But after having used so many remedies and consulted so many physicians in this country and at read, I felt like giving the compound a trial. The result was truly wonderful.

"The very first night, about six months ago, that I tried Paire's celery compound, you can imagine my joy when I found that I had slept six bours in succession, a thing that I had not been blessed with for so many years. I continued the use for

in succession, a taing that I had not been blessed with for so many years. I continued the use for over three months, with the same happy result, and although I was fearful lest the maledy would come back on me, I can now say that although I have not taken the compound for months, I do sleep every night, peacefully and without interruption.

"You can easily imagine what this means for a

man who works fourteen hours every day in the year, and has charge of two large newspapers. I consider my case a most remarkable one, and I should be glad if this statement should be the means of helping others who have suffered like I in the same untold agonies, and for this reason I give you full permission to make use of this statement for the statement of t nent in any way you choose.'

uncomfortable for any balloons which War is Not at an End.

"Speaking of r.ew inventions in modern warfare, general, many people think that through them war is becoming so terrible that it must eventually be done away with Do you think so?"

"No," replied General Miles, "I do not. "No," replied General Miles, "I do not. I don't believe that men will stop fighting for such reasons. The modes of fighting may change, as they did in this Chinese-Japanese war. The soldiers will not fight close together, and battles are becoming every day less of the hand-to-hand struggle that they were in the days of Caesar. As to destruction, the numbers killed in the Chinese-Japanese war do not compare with those of our late civil war. There were many more men killed in the battle of Gettysburg than there were in all the battles of this late struggle between China and Japan."

On the Offertory Plate.

From the London Daily Telegraph. A Leeds contemporary states that at a certain Yorkshire church a pair of spec-tacles was recently put on the offertory The church warden courteously handed them back, supposing them to have been put there in absence of mind, but the donor again deposited them on the plate, and, not wishing to make a scene, the official finished his collection, and the spectacles were duly presented with the other alms. However, after the close of the service, he took them down to the donor (who was a stranger to the place), and said he feared they were given by mistake. Judge of his surprise on being assured it was intentional, and no mistake; that the reader of the prayers had made so many blunders in reading that the donor presumed he could not see, and so presented him with a pair of spectacles. The incident recalls Bishop Baring's significant present of a razor to the curate whose reading was impeded by his heavy mustache. been put there in absence of mind, but the

A Story of Mystery.

Do you know what a "Story of Mystery" is? It is a continued story of which all but the last chapter is printed, and then guesses are made as to the solution, then the final installment is printed.

On October seventh a most interesting mystery story, "When the War Was Over," will be started in The Star, and five hundred dollars will be given for the first absolutely correct solution. In case no guess is absolutely correct the amount will be divided among those nearest to a correct solution. ers. Fuller particulars elsewhere.

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